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The Old School Book.

On the old school book, in its rusty nook,
With a tearful eye I gaze;
Come down, old friend, for an hour we'll spend
In talking of bygone days,
I gaze once more, as in days of yore,
On the task that vexed the brain;
The lesson done, and victory won,
And I feel I'm a child again.

And I seem to stand with a youthful band
In the old house on the green;
I hear the fun ere the school begun,
And I join in the gladsome scene.
I take my place with a sober face,
O'er the well carved desk I bend,
And hourly pore o'er the antique lore
Of thy wonderful page, old friend.

Then our cares were few, and our friends were true,
And our griefs were rare and light:
The world was naught (so we fondly thought)
But a region of pure delight.
But time has sped, and our path has led
Through a dark and tearful scene;
And passed away are the good and gay,
Like the old house on the green.

But we'll sing no more of the days of yore,
For the tear drop dims the eye;
Sleep on, old book, in the dusty nook,
As in years that have glided by.
No guilt we trace in thy honest face,
But a mine of gold within
Enriched the youth, as they sought for truth,
In the old house on the green.

A LESSON FOR HARD TIMES.

If one of the characters out of Dickens' novels had walked into the room, I could not have been more surprised. It was press day; I was very busy in my sanctum, when I heard the door open and a curious shuffling noise followed, which made me look up for a moment from my paper. It was but for a moment; I saw, as I supposed, a crippled beggar, shuffling his way on his knees toward my chair. I waved him away with my hand—"Nothing for you," I said, resolutely, a little impatiently possibly, and turned back to my desk, caught up the broken thread, and wound off the completed sentence from the editorial distaff. But the beggar was not repelled. He answered something; with a divided attention I could not well make out what. "Nothing for you," I repeated, somewhat more vigorously than before. The answer was plain enough this time; and in a tone that commanded attention—"I am no beggar, sir."

I had gotten to the end of my sentence now. Two or three weeks ago I had been studying the parable of the good Samaritan. Perhaps the recollection of two very pious men who were in so great a hurry to get to the temple that they could not attend to the unfortunate, may have had some influence on me. I laid down my pen and went to the unknown.

He was on his knees; his legs from his knees to his feet were useless appendages, which dragged after him and produced the shuffling sound which first attracted my attention. His whole body was disjointed; his arms alternately hung down like the wooden arms of a great toy, and moved about in a grotesque attempt at gesture—like the toy arms when the image is pulled by the string from below. When he spoke he wormed and twisted his head from side to side, and contorted his face with the vigor of his endeavor, as though the words were stored below and could be brought up out of a reluctant throat only by a wrestling and invincible will. But his eye was clear, his brow high, and his whole face, when in repose, not unhandsome.

"I have got something to sell, sir, and it is no humbug, either."

Then I noticed for the first time a leathern bag slung over his shoulder. With a curious spasmodic twist he dove into it and brought out a tin box labeled "Prof. ——'s soap; warranted to take out grease spots," etc., etc. In this as in every motion, his arms, and hands, and fingers, made wild attempts before they succeeded in their purpose, like those of a two or three months' old babe that had not yet come into possession of itself.

"What brought you into this condition, my friend?" said I, looking down upon him.

"I was born a cripple, sir," he answered. "But," he added, quickly, as though he saw some sympathy in my face and would refuse it, "you must not think that I suffer, for I don't. I have no pain; it is only weakness; weakness of the spine, the doctors tell me, so that I don't have good use of my arms, or legs, or face. But I don't suffer. And I am not unhappy."

I could hardly look in his face when he was speaking, his endeavors were so distressingly labored. I rarely give to beggars; for that very reason I am always reluctant to turn away any one, from the gamin who is sweeping the street crossings up who is endeavoring to earn an honest living. I bought his patent soap and gave him the price—a quarter. He turned to go away; I should have as soon thought of offering charity to any other independent merchant as to him, but I stopped him with a question. It needed but a very little touch of sympathy to open his heart. He told me his story. I transcribe it here as well as I can, but I am painfully aware that it loses character in the transcribing:

"My father was a mechanic. I was always, from my birth, as you see me now. He supported me till I was twenty-eight. But I didn't like it. I wanted to be self-supporting."

I noted a curious feature of his language. It was that of one born in the lower ranks, but self-educated by courses of reading outside the literature of his companions. I thought this at the time; it was confirmed by a suggestive hint afterward.

"I told my father. He laughed at me. 'What can you do?' said he. I told him that he could not always support me; he must die some day, and he had no money. 'The Lord will provide,' said he. But that did not suit me. I resolved if I could not have my own way I would run away."

There was something pathetically humorous in this picture of a man-boy of twenty-eight running away on his knees from a tyrannical father who despotically insisted on providing for him. Whether he actually did run away or not, he did not tell me, and I did not ask him.

"I bought this recipe for soap. At first I hired a man to go round with me and take care of me, but that did not pay. Then I went to a hotel, and hired a porter to dress and undress me. In the daytime I took care of myself."

All this and much more—for I am compressing a long story into a short one—with labored speaking; and labored listening, too, for it was not always quite easy to tell what was the word which the corkscrew brought up. Like an old cork, it was broken, and often came up in fragments. "I never expected to get married; for I never thought that any woman whom I would have would have me. But you know, sir, the old proverb: 'Every Jack has his own Gill;' and I found my Gill. And I don't believe there is a man in New York that has got a better wife than I have."

The pride with which he said this! and the love that lighted up his eyes! I could easily believe him. It must be a rare woman that could take such a man for her husband; one that she must dress and undress to the end as she would a sick child. I resolved at once that if I might I would know that wife.

"And don't you imagine that I am miserable, sir," he added. "I seem so to you because you judge me from your point of view. But I see many a rich man, and a strong man, and I would not exchange with them. I have my advantages, too. Society claims a great deal of you; but it never claims anything of me. I am independent."

Oh, wise philosopher! Is there any philosophy like that of a calm content?

"And I enjoy life; because, don't you see, sir, I have nothing to do but to study how to enjoy it."

"Do you go to church?" I asked.

"Well, sir, I am a member of the Baptist church, but since I have moved away from the old church and gone among strangers, I don't go to church, for it might create a sensation, don't you see?"

Well, yes! I did see. I imagined this creature shuffling up the broad aisle of a fashionable church, or even of an unfashionable chapel, and thought he showed consideration for the worshipers and the preacher.

"There is only one thing I want," he added. "I would like to get into a library."

"A library!" said I. "What could you do in a library?"

"Oh, as a member, I mean, sir," said he. "I would like to get books out to read."

I took down his address, and with all the inimitable dignity of a gentleman, he invited me to call. Then, with an apology for having taken so much of my time, and an inquiry—for we had exchanged names—whether I was the "historian" Abbot," he shuffled out of my door. I had hardly got to my seat and my pen in hand, before I heard him shuffling back again. He peered round the corner of the doorway, and with that curious jack-in-the-box motion of his, held up three fingers. "Third bell," he said, "ring the third bell," and he was off again.

And I sat down and thought; thought of that poor woman who began two years ago by selling her thousand dollar piano, and last week was found with her clothes and furniture all pawned and her only flannel garment, the remnant of an old blanket, wrapped around her; thought of that merchant who eighteen months ago was contributing to the support of one of our great charities and is now dependent on it for bread for his family; and here is this cripple, without the right use of legs, or arms, or hands, or voice, supporting himself and his wife, "happy as a king," and asking charity of no one; and I said, I will leave the thread unspun on the editorial distaff until I have written down this lesson for hard times.

Hospitality in Khiva.

Capt. Burnaby, the Englishman, who has just made a tour through Turkestan, was well treated in Khiva, and received especial hospitality on reaching there, in the home of a dignified old gentleman. The Khivan hosts were very humble and deferential wherever he went, but they were very inquisitive also, and curious to know of the ways of Europeans. Their notions upon such subjects are very vague, as is shown by this passage from one of the conversations which the traveler reports:

"'Which do you like best, your horse or your wife?' inquired the man.

"'That depends upon the woman,' I replied; and the guide, here joining in the conversation, said in England they do not buy or sell their wives, and that I was not a married man.

"'What! you have not got a wife?'

"'No; how could I travel if I had one?'

"'Why, you might leave her behind and lock her up, as our merchants do with their wives when they go on a journey.'

"'In my country the women are never locked up.'

"'What a marvel!' said the man; 'and how can you trust them? Is it not dangerous to expose them to so much temptation? They are poor weak creatures, and easily led. But if one of them is unfaithful to her husband, what does he do?'

"'He goes to our moullah, whom we call a judge, and obtains a divorce, and marries some one else.'

"'What! you mean to say he does not cut the woman's throat?'

"'No; he would very likely be hanged himself if he did.'

"'What a country!' said the host; 'we manage things better in Khiva.'

"The guide was much astonished on hearing the price of horses in England. 'And what do the poor people do?' he inquired.

"'Why, walk.'

"'Walk?'

"'Yes, walk'—this appearing to the man such an extraordinary statement that he could hardly credit it."

A use has been discovered for the hitherto purely ornamental polecat. A Nebraska farmer recently noticed one of the tribe busily eating from the ground in a field—and an examination discreetly made after the animal had retired showed that it had stripped the ground over which it had passed of grasshopper eggs, which were about ready to hatch.

South African Diamond Fields.

In speaking of the South African diamond fields, a lecturer said that £15,000,000 worth of diamonds had already been taken from these diggings. The diamond mines were discovered by a traveler, John O'Rielly, who, staying for a night at the house of a Dutch farmer, observed the children playing with some pebbles. He said: "Those might be diamonds." The farmer, laughing, replied that if they were plenty of them could be found in the neighborhood. O'Rielly took one of the pebbles, and subsequently sold it for $3,600. A colonist then remembered that he had seen an immense stone of similar description in the hands of a native. He sought out the man, gave him all his cattle, horses, and other property for the gem, and sold it for $50,000. This diamond afterward became known throughout the world as the Star of South Africa.

A seething population was soon upon the spot. The farmers, despite their protests, saw their property invaded, and diamonds of fabulous value, whose worth they had never suspected, carried away. Finally the British government adjudicated all minor disputes by annexing the entire diamond producing country, and proclaiming it in an English possession. It was not long before Kimberly, a city that has now more than a thousand homes, sprang ito existence.

The lecturer dwelt upon the extraordinarily mixed population of Kimberly, and especially the wandering tribes of negroes who pour into it at the rate of 30,000 a year. Traveling in parties of fifteen or twenty, often over a distance of a thousand miles, in the course of which many of them die of thirst and starvation, these wanderers enter the city dusty, footsore, and as thin as rails. They appropriate eagerly every article of apparel they can pick up upon the way; one appears in a hat, without any further covering; another wears a single boot, unrelieved by other adornments. The brown legs of some are seen violently contrasting with the skirts of a bright red English military coat, while others are contented to rest their claims to gentility on the possession of a torn paper collar.

Kimberly, however, is by no means devoid of the luxuries of civilization. It boasts many refined and educated people, and the dealers in Cape Town and Natal reserve their choicest laces and most expensive goods for the wives and daughters of the wealthy speculators of the diamond city.

The manner of working the mines is largely done with the hired aid of Kaffirs. These men are expert thieves, and despite the closest scrutiny, the diamonds get into their pipes, their ears, their mouths, and even their noses. They can work all day with large pebbles between their toes.

Diamonds of the first quality are very rare; there is one kind that exhibits a flaw half an hour after being taken from the mine, and, if left until morning, will be found in fragments. Such stones are usually wrapped in cotton and placed in oil by the miner until the moment of sale. The expenses of working a claim are, exclusive of the original purchase, about $800 a month; but returns are rapid, and a man with a capital of $3,000 or $4,000 has an excellent chance of success.

Cleopatra's Needle.

Prof. Erasmus Wilson has announced his intention of bringing from Egypt to England the long neglected "Cleopatra's Needle" at his own expense. The manner in which it is proposed to convey the obelisk through the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, the Bay of biscay, and up the English channel to the Thames river, is peculiar. First of all, it will be ballasted in the water at Alexandria, where it is at present lying, and a deck will be put upon it, with a couple of masts. The hinder compartment of the deck will be left open for the accommodation of two or three men, whose duty it will be to steer the "ship" by means of an ordinary rudder. The obelisk, thus shipped, will be ready for the steamer which is appointed to tow it out to sea. The barometer will be consulted daily, so that the journey may be made under the most favorable conditions. On the arrival of the monument in England, the professor will proceed at once to place it in an upright position. To do this in the ordinary way would be a task of great difficulty, as it weighs 200 tons. Hydraulic power will be applied to each end of the obelisk, and it will be raised by that means, foot by foot, until it reaches the height of twenty-nine feet in a horizontal position. A "jacket" will then be put around its center of gravity, with a couple of trunnions fixed firmly to it, and all that remains to be done afterward will be to cut the lashings, when the massive piece of stone will drop into its place on the pedestal. There are those who believe the experiment will prove a failure, but the Scotch professor is confident of success.

His Income.

Some of the English papers are urging that the income of the Prince of Wales should be increased by an addition of £30,000, or $150,000 a year. His debts amount to $750,000, and it is thought that it would be more profitable to the nation to pay them than to have him go into comparative retirement for the purpose of doing so. Sir W. Knollys, his treasurer, states that his personal expenses are very small, and that no gentleman of social position spends so little for pocket money. He has not only to keep up costly establishments, but to maintain an expensive position as leader of society. His income is not equal to that of a number of his friends. When asked lately if the report of his intending to visit Australia was true, the prince replied that he hoped so, because he greatly desired to see that region, and also because he would get a free passage there and back, and reduce his home expenditure.

The khedive of Egypt has become very unpopular with his subjects and with the resident foreigners under his rule, and is reported to have invested large sums in England with a view of one day being obliged to abdicate. There is a steamer also off Alexandria, which is kept constantly in readiness. In this, it is said, he intends taking flight when necessary.

Dress and Fashion Notes.

Lace scarfs for bonnet strings grow in favor.

Normandy crowns are the most fashionable.

Rose and blue is a favorite combination of color into new Scotch plaid ginghams.

All kinds of crochet, netting, knitting and lace making are fashionable for fancy work.

The favorite wrap for carriage wear is the black silk circular cloak lined with squirrel fur.

It is estimated that there are now over seventy different shapes and styles of ladies' hats and bonnets.

The new shawl strap has a purse and ticket book attached to the handle, convenient for pickpockets.

Humming bird jewelry, made entirely from the feathers of these little creatures, is sought for in Paris.

Linen brocades and damasses in the same patterns as the silk goods are found among the spring wash goods.

Tyrolienne bonnets, with small conical crowns, will retain popular favor until the spring shades come in.

Lace scarfs are used as strings for opera hats, attached in such a manner as to form a cape in the back of the bonnet.

Pocket handkerchiefs of fine batiste are adorned with stripes of blue, red, purple or black, and trimmed with several rows of narrow valenciennes.

Some colors are now never seen in gloves, or, if seen, are a sign that the wearer takes little note of the changes of fashion. These are straw color, tea rose, or flesh color, and pale bule; pearl gray and cream are arbitrary shades, and mastic, a peculiar shade of gray, is the favorite.

Beautiful curtains were recently made by a New York lady whose skill and taste in her household decorations are well known. They were of Canton flannel, ornamented with all manner of cretonne figures, which, being carefully chosen and cut out, were artistically grouped, glued on the flannel, and then pressed with a warm flat iron. The effect was novel and very beautiful.

A fancy ball symbolic costume for Eve is of white India muslin, trimmed with apple leaves, blossoms and fruit. Two fig leaves form the pockets; out of one pocket peeps a snake, with emerald eyes; out of the other falls a triplet of white lilies. In the hand is a silver tipped mother of pearl fan, with artistic pictures of apples of crimson gold. On the head a wreath of small apples, with flowers and fruit. Around the neck a serpent of gold and silver enameled in red and blue.—*Illustrated Weekly.*

Courtroom Incidents.

A London letter says: There has been an impression that the humorous judges and those with some flavor about them have passed away with Maule and Westbury, and that the bench is more and more occupied with dry perfunctionaries. But some little incidents have recently sent a smile around the court which seem to warrant a more hopeful view.

The other day a lawyer was arguing before Baron H——, and assumed a laughing tone at the case of his opponent, giving a little titter at each statement, as if the opposite side were too preposterous to be considered. The judge presently leaned forward and gently interrupted the barrister with "Mr. ——, I am at a loss to know why you use this triumphant tone. Of course if there were a jury present I should say not a word, but you surely don't expect that tone to have any effect on me?" The barrister was funeral during the rest of his speech.

In another case Baron C—— was listening to a barrister who seemed disposed to indulge not only in length but eloquence. The judge interrupted, saying: "Mr. ——, is your client in court?" The barrister looked around, and said: "He was here a moment ago, your lordship, but seems to have gone." "Then," said the judge, appealingly, "couldn't you spare me all this?"

Keep Your Promise.

A boy borrowed a tool from a carpenter, promising to return it at night. Before evening he was sent away on an errand, and did not return until late. Before going he was told that his brother should see that the article was returned. After he had come home he inquired and found that the tool had not been sent to its owner. He was much distressed to think his promise had not been kept, but was persuaded to go to sleep and rise early and carry it home the next morning. By daylight he was up, and nowhere was the tool to be found. After a long, fruitless search he set off for his neighbor's in great distress to acknowledge his fault. But how great was his surprise to find the tool on his neighbor's doorstone. And then it appeared, from the prints of his little bare feet in the mud, that the lad had got up in his sleep and carried the tool home, and gone to bed again without knowing it. Of course a boy who was prompt in his sleep was prompt when awake. Respected while he lived, he had the confidence of his neighbors, and was placed in many offices of trust and profit. If all grown persons felt as this boy did there would be a good many tracks of bare feet found some of these bright mornings, and what piles of books and tools would be found at their owners' doors!

When and How to Eat Fruit.

When fruit does harm it is because it is eaten at improper times, in improper quantities, or before it is ripened and fit for the human stomach. A distinguished physician has said that if his patients would make a practice of eating a couple of good oranges before breakfast, from February to June, his practice would be gone. The principal evil is that we do not eat enough fruit; that we injure its finer qualities with sugar; that we drown them in cream. We need the medical action of the pure fruit acids in our system, and their cooling, corrective influence.

A CONVICT'S STORY.

Pardoned Out of Prison for Good Conduct and Trying to Get Back Again.

An officer in New York found an old man tugging at the knobs of store doors one Sunday, placing his shoulder to the doors, looking through the keyholes and examining the windows and gratings in desperate efforts to effect an entrance. He arrested him.

"Hanson," said the magistrate, "you are charged with attempted burglary; what have you to say?"

"I am guilty," quickly responded the prisoner, in a strong Danish accent. "I did it so that I could be sent to State prison."

"And why do you want to go to State prison, Christian?" asked the judge in astonishment.

The man hung his head and seemed for a moment disinclined to answer, but encouraged by a kindly word, looked up and said with an earnestness that was deeply impressive:

"Judge, I have only just come from Columbus, Ohio, where I served ten years in State prison for burglary. I was pardoned out by Governor Hayes, now President of the United States. My original sentence was for twenty years. My life is wasted and I am a wreck. God knows I intended when I came out of prison to live an honest life. I was pardoned out on the fifth of February. I went to Cincinnati and tried to get work, but failed. From there I went to Pittsburgh and met with no better success. Then I tramped it all the way to New York, where I had friends, trying to get work from farmers on the way, sleeping where I got an opportunity and eating whenever a charitable person gave me a crust. My friends here who knew me before I was a criminal refuse to recognize me. I can't get work; I have lived in the gutter and been kicked about. I dread to kill myself, and so with the horrors of prison life still before me I am obliged to go back. There is nothing else left for me."

The sympathies of all who heard the earnest words of the broken down man were deeply touched by the recital. After some further questions the judge ordered him to step aside until after the adjournment of the court, when his case would be disposed of.

While the prisoner was thus waiting, a reporter questioned him as to the leading incidents of his eventful life. He gave them freely, concealing nothing except the names of his associates.

"I was born," said he, "in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1834. My parents were poor, but respectable people, and they gave me a good academic education. Hearing of the advantages of the New World I came to America in 1863, landing in New York. Two days afterward I enlisted in Company K, Seventh Volunteers, and went to war. I served in several engagements, and was under Generals Grant and Meade. I was wounded in the shoulder before Richmond. After the war I went to Cincinnati and obtained employment as a laborer on a railroad. Up to this time I was an honest man. Losing my employment I began to frequent the "Buckeye" saloon in Cincinnati, where I fell in with a gang of burglars. Being out of work I listened to their proposals to join their number. They had plenty of money and got me to drinking, and I became one of them. Our first job was the robbing of the First National bank of Cincinnati, at the corner of Walnut and Fourth streets. We got $400,000 in United States bonds and $5,000 in greenbacks.

"Well, you want to know how the job was done, eh? We hired a basement adjoining the bank, 'giving it out' that we wanted it for a saloon. On the tenth day afterward we had everything in readiness, and on the night of February 3, 1866, we cut a hole through the wall into the basement of the bank building and then dug our way through the ceiling to where the safe was. At this point the bank watchman came upon us, but I and another of the gang quickly bound and gagged him. We then blew open the safe. The concussion stopped the clock. It was half-past three A. M."

"What tools did you use in drilling the holes?" asked the reporter.

"Good cracksmen don't use tools," answered the burglar. "I'll show you how to blow open any safe in New York without any tools. Just take me to a safe."

There happened to be a safe in Judge Kilbreth's private room, and the writer acquainted the magistrate with the prisoner's proposal. "By all means," said he, "let us learn;" and in a moment the room was filled with spectators.

The prisoner knelt beside the safe, which was locked.

"Look," said he, "at this door. It fits so tightly that no instrument can be introduced in the cracks and powder cannot be inserted. So far so good. The burglar simply sticks putty all along the cracks except in two places, one at the top of the door and one at the bottom, where he leaves about an inch of space uncovered by the putty. At the lower place he puts a quantity of powder, and he sucks out the air from the upper place, either by a suction pump, which is the better way, or by his mouth. The vacuum created in the safe draws in the powder through the small crack below. The entire work does not occupy more than five minutes.

"We got $400,000 in bonds and $5,000 in greenbacks out of the safe. We then left the building and secreted ourselves in one of our old haunts. The following night I went to Eph Holland's gambling saloon and lost $1,000 in gaming. On the second day the hue and cry became so fierce that we determined to leave town. The booty was divided among us, but I being a novice they cheated me, and I got only $10,000.

"We went to Richmond, Ind., where we remained until the seventh of March following, when our leader planned the job of robbing the mail car on the Vandalia railroad. We got on board the train and at a small station where it stopped the opportunity occurred. The agent left the car, leaving the door open. We stole quietly in and dumped the safe, which was a small one, down the embankment. We then carried it a distance of a mile in the woods, where we blew it open in the way I have described to you. The safe contained only $5,000. After hiding awhile and gambling away our money we started for St. Louis. I was drunk and rode to the bridge. My companions got off before reaching the city and left me to my fate. A detective awaited me at the bridge and arrested me."

"How did Governor Hayes come to pardon you?"

"Well, I served ten years, and I had made up my mind from the first to bear my punishment like a man. I complied with all the prison rules and was never subjected to discipline. I had no friends in the outside world, and the warden told me good behavior did it.

"I tried then to get work, but couldn't; I had earned $65 while in prison, and I lived until the present time on this sum, but three days ago it gave out and I made up my mind to go back to prison, as I was starving."

Dr. Harris here interposed and asked Hanson if he would live an honest life if he got work.

The ex-convict raised his eyes to heaven and fervently called God to witness that he would.

"Then," said the doctor, "I will see that you are placed in honest employment."

The man's gratitude was profound. He seemed dazed at the kindness of those about him. It was so different from that to which he had been accustomed, and the tears filled his eyes. He could only find utterance for a "God bless you all. You have made a man of me."

He was temporarily committed to the city prison, and the next day provided with employment as promised.

Beet Sugar in California.

We occasionally see our recent statements in regard to the success of the beet sugar industry disputed, but, we are pleased to say, by those whose statements show their lack of acquaintance with the facts. The Santa Cruz Beet Sugar Company report excellent results from their short experience. They have a factory with a capacity for working 9,000 tons of beet root, or fifty tons per day, though their land under cultivation only yields them 6,500 tons, the farmers not having taken much interest in the enterprise apparently. On this amount of beets they will run five months and turn out 1,040,000 pounds of sugar, the percentage of sugar being about eight per cent., equaling the average obtained in Germany. The works have been in operation seven years, and were erected at a cost of $100,000. The product is fully up to cane sugar in quality, bringing on the average 11¼ cents a pound in the San Francisco market, where it is all sent. At this rate, the 1,040,000 pounds of sugar gives a sum total for receipts at $119,600. That the enterprise pays is evidenced by the following table of expenses and profit for one day of the 130, during which the factory will be in operation this year:

Fifty tons of beets at $5	$250 00
Sixteen cords of wood at $3	48 00
Sixty-five men's wages, aggregating	90 00
Lime	5 00
Thirty sugar barrels at seventy cents	21 00
Chemicals	4 00
Freight, four tons at $2 per ton	8 00
Lights	4 00
Repairing machinery, belts, etc	10 00
Commission on selling eight tons	24 00
Insurance for one day	3 00
Whole cost of one day's running	$472 00
Eight thousand pounds of sugar at eleven and one-half cents	920 00
Leaving a net profit of	$448 00

This foots up an aggregate profit for the year of $58,240. With a supply of beets for seven months the proportionate profit would be $81,536, or allowing for a decrease in the percentage of sugar the last month, $81,419. In addition to this, 2,700 tons of beet pulp are produced, worth $2 per ton; 300 tons of syrup, worth $10 per ton for distillation or manure; and 500 tons of lime refuse, worth $20 per ton; footing up a grand total of profits for one year of $99,819. But in this table of estimates we recognize no figures for interest on the money invested in the factory or farm, nor even the cost of the latter, which the report indicates is possessed by the company.

We are sorry to see that this company when they buy beet roots pays for them on the basis of weight of the root rather than on the amount of sugar produced from the root. The former cannot but tend to the production of large, coarse beets, with a decreased percentage of sugar.—*Scientific Farmer.*

Loved his Mother.

A little boy thirteen years old was recently brought before a New York court for attempting to pick the pocket of a man on Broadway. He was sentenced to the house of refuge, but cried bitterly on hearing his punishment, and begged to be let off, asserting that he had never done any thing of the kind before. As the officer was taking him away, he broke away from him, rushed to his mother, who was present, threw his arms around her neck, and kissing her passionately, sobbed out: "Good-bye, mamma, good-bye!" The judges consulted together a few moments, and the boy was brought again into court, and informed that the affection he had for his mother induced the court, in the hope that he would be a good boy in future, to change his punishment to thirty days' imprisonment in the city prison. At this both mother and child burst into tears of joy. When going away, the boy called back to his mother: "Don't fret for me, mamma." There is little doubt but that a boy who has a deep love for a good mother may be easily restrained from evil courses by right management and influences. What arrangements are made in the city prison to prevent such a boy from becoming contaminated by the society of grosser criminals?

Fireside Fancies.

The Danbury *News* gives this picture: I have an active fancy, and I see pictures in wood fires. Shall I tell you of that picture, the wonderfully life-like picture, which always comes to me out of the glowing coals? It is the picture of a sawbuck, with a crooked stick on the buck, and a contrary saw in the stick, with a very much outraged boy attached to the saw. And I see the boy try to pull and push the saw, which will neither be pulled nor pushed, and I hear him cry and scream, and sob and yell, and moan and howl, and I see him jump up and down, and kick the buck, and trample on his hat, until my heart aches and my eyes grow dim.

As the World Wags.

FARMERS IN 1825.

Men to the plow,
Wife to the cow,
Girls to the yarn,
Boys to the barn,
And all dues settled.

FARMERS IN 1850.

Men a mere show,
Girls at the piano,
Wife silk and satin,
Boys Greek and Latin,
And all hands gazetted.

FARMERS IN 1877.

Men all in debt,
Wives in a pet,
Boys mere muscles,
Girls puffs and ruffles,
And everybody cheated.

Items of Interest.

There are men who wander about with hopes at half-mast.

Office holders do not turn out well when others are to take their places.

"Hunted Down"—you will see it on any young man who is just beginning to raise a few hairs.

Every other lady you meet on Broadway wears a bunch of violets at the crossing of her bonnet scarf.

"When I die," said a married man, "I want to go where there is no snow to shovel." His wife said she presumed he would.

The Legislature of Indiana has passed a bill forbidding the changing of text books in public schools oftener than once in six years.

At Florence, Arizona, there is a restaurant kept by a Chinaman, with a Mexican wife, a negro cook, and a white woman for a waiter.

Pretty nearly all men are benevolent when it don't cost much. Tom Jones never sees poor John Smith suffer but he thinks Sam Rogers ought to help him.

A crabbed farmer crustily answered his poor neighbor: "No, you shan't have any of my apples, if I have to throw them to the pigs." "That's rather hoggish," was the answer."

And now the careful grocer brings down his cakes of last year's maple sugar, and, after a thorough dusting, the stock is put into the front window, bearing the label: "New maple sugar, twenty-five cents per pound."

The Cincinnati *Commercial* says: "Why is it that editors never commit suicide?" The Burlington *Hawkeye* has investigated this subject a little, and thinks it is because the druggists won't sell strychnine on long time.

During the course of the past year 102,601 immigrants of British origin left ports of the United Kingdom at which immigration offices are established. More than fifty per cent. of the whole number sailed for the United States.

A married man had blue glass put in his wife's sitting-room to match her eyes, he said. She returned the compliment by having red glass put in her husband's library—to match his nose, she said. He didn't seem to appreciate the compliment.

The money lost by depositors in savings banks in this country, according to *Appleton's Journal*, equals only one-fiftieth of the amount paid to depositors in interest by the banks, and is only one-hundredth of one per cent. of the deposits.

All the chairs in the United States Senate being too small for Senator David Davis, the one which was made expressly for Mr. Dixon H. Lewis, a senator many years ago from Alabama, was placed at his desk. It measures in the seat thirty-three by twenty-five inches.

Southwest Texas is filled with a flourishing German population. The inhabitants of the State have doubled their numbers since 1870; they now amount to 2,000,000, and if the census were taken, they would be entitled to an increase of ten votes in the electoral college.

It seems that the Chinese guard against carrier pigeons being attacked, when fatigued, by birds of prey, by attaching to them resonant balls of feather lightness, which alarm the enemy. When several pigeons fly together, the balls make a noise like telegraph wires on a windy day.

A writer in the *Universalist* says Holland windmills have arms of enormous length, and carry three thousand yards of canvas. American windmills have arms of only ordinary size, but when they are sent to Congress they can stand up and tire out any windmill that ever spread its sails to the rising gale in Holland.

The poplar forests in the region of country north of Lewiston, Me., have been cut down for timber for the manufacture of paper. These forests have been considered by the farmers as almost worthless, a great deal of the wood or lumber hardly paying for the cutting and hauling, but now it brings a high price.

At a dinner given by some Chinese merchants in San Francisco to some Americans the other day, the latter were astonished in a drinking ebb to hear a Celestial remind the board that: "You know what the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina: 'It's a long time between drinks.'"

Under an act passed about ten years ago, the relations of a man who is murdered can, in Ireland, claim damages from the barony, and a farmer, Mr. Owen Clarke, has lately served the prescribed notice that he intends to apply for £500, in compensation for the services of his son, who was waylaid when returning from market, last July, and beaten so badly that he died in August.

A French humorist writes: A doctor at a sick man's bedside says to the wife of the invalid: "It is my painful duty to inform you that your husband has but a short time to live." "What!" exclaims the surprised wife. "Do you not see," says the doctor, "that already his hands are purple?" "I know it," responded the wife, "but he is a dyer." "When that's so," coolly continues the doctor, "I must confess that you are very fortunate, for if he had not been a dyer he would be a dead man."